A few years more, and all muſt go
To realms of endleſs bliſs or woe.

SOLITARY WALK.

We often ſee the infant die juſt as it begins to live; the youth is frequently cut down like a tender flower nipt in the bud, and every age is equally expoſed to the ſtroke of death: then how neceſſary and important is the ſtudy, and endeavour, to live as becomes a *dying* creature on the border of an unknown and eternal world.

Before another morning, I may be called away forever from the affairs, buſineſs, and pleaſures of the *preſent* ſtate; I ſtand in jeopardy *every* moment, and

and cannot tell what a day, or an hour, may bring forth; then help me, O thou compaſſionate and moſt merciful Creator! always to have my lamp trimmed, and my light burning (*grace* in my heart and *religion* in my ſoul) and thus be daily prepared for the Bridegroom's coming.

The following lines written on a faithful Miniſter of CHRIST*, who died in the prime of life, contain truths of the greateſt moment and importance to perſons of every age; may Heaven impreſs them on the minds and memories of all:

Surviving

* The late Rev. Mr. Edward Hitchin, aged 48.

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